

that the whole shall bind us with a strength invincible because it springs from *Internal Unity*?

Now as steps to the establishment of this Internal Unity in our Association, I would suggest the adoption of these three plans, grounded on ideas already put forward by various members.

(1) A Letter-Band, so arranged that not one of the students, past, present, or future, shall be left to feel either that she has "no kindred spirit" with whom she can take counsel, or that her work is uncared for by at least one fellow-student. Space forbids a further entrance here into the working of this plan, but the details will be placed in the hands of our Editor.

(2) The establishment of a Magazine Club, by means of which those who wish can, on payment of a small yearly fee to cover postage, see various magazines connected with education and matters of general interest.

(3) A Reading Union, so that members may have the advantage of a definite course of reading for each half-year, with the possibility of having lent among themselves some at least of the works studied, thus avoiding some part of the expense entailed by the purchase of very many books. It is hoped too that this may lead eventually to an interchange of thoughts among the members on the books read.

I fear I am taking up more space than ought to be given to one paper, so I must close. But let us all remember that, for the acquisition of true strength, the growth must be from the *inner being* of our Association, and so I would suggest as the motto for all helpers, the one at the head of this paper:

"Onward! but together."

If we would "bear one another's burdens," can we not make time — even the busiest of us — to send the word of bright cheery sympathy to a lonely or much-tried fellow-worker?

If we would "keep keenness" we must not only read ourselves but encourage others to do the same.

And let us never forget the wise words of Browning:

"Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,
Our time so brief, — 'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our work undone. —
We will be wise in time!"

And again those inspiring lines by Lowell:

"Life is joy, and Love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind;
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind
Hope is truth — The Future giveth
More than Present takes away;
And the soul for ever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."

And these from *The Disciples*:

"Measure thy Life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk but by the wine poured forth!
For Love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most, has most to give."

C. F. BARNETT.

A FORTNIGHT IN SOUTH DEVON.

THIS year the National Home-Reading Union held its summer meeting at Exeter. The last summer meeting of that society which I had the pleasure of attending was the one held at Bowness in 1892, the year I was at the House of Education.

Miss Mason very kindly made arrangements by which we, the then students, profited by some of the lectures, and for the week each had a lake ticket, which was made the most of. The subjects I followed in '92 were: Botany, Geology, and Dr. Bailey's lectures on the "Lake Poets," and very delightful I found it to be.

As we, a trio, were sitting at breakfast one June morning this year, my pupil's mother said, "How would you both like to go to Devonshire for a fortnight?" We were delighted, as a longing for the beauties of leafy Devon was not a young one. Then we heard that the N. H.-R. U. was holding its summer meeting at Exeter and that we might go to it.

After numerous arrangements we set off, and were met *en route* by my sister, and a very happy trio we were. South of Birmingham it was all new country to us and we were intensely excited as we crossed the boundary of each shire. When night had come on we

were at last in Devon, and patience had to stretch till the morning.

The sun was up long before we were awake after our long journey of the preceding day, but it was rather a revelation to us north-country folk to find all the houses in sight smothered in creepers and greenery of every description: it seemed to us like a new country. Two of our party went to look at the Cathedral, but came home in about half an hour, saying it could not be found, although it was known to be within five minutes' walk! How we did laugh together over that episode!

Our invitations for the reception on Saturday evening having arrived we hoped to meet old friends and prepared to make new ones; but we found only two familiar faces, Dr. Hill and Miss Mondy. However, before the first week was over we had made many new acquaintances and we hope some friends.

Our first excursion (which was not under the auspices of the N. H.-R. U.) was to Lydford Gorge, where we had our first glimpse of typical Devonian scenery. Words cannot express our feelings as we skirted the rushing, foaming, seething river under a canopy of green—hardly a patch of sky to be seen, only an occasional streak of sunlight, falling, perhaps on a quiet pool, perhaps on a mass of white foam, which sprang from a huge boulder into the whirling eddy below. Then, when we had passed through the gorge, the country widened out, with plantations of trees on either side of the valley, reminding us of the head of a Yorkshire dale.

Our route home took us around and down the moor. We were very much struck with the tors, the like of which we had never before seen. As it was early in the season we did not see much heather in blossom, but knowing Yorkshire moors we could imagine the huge purple waves which would be seen some few weeks later.

We reached Exeter just in time to go to Mr. Owen Seaman's lecture on "Browning's Poems on Art," which was delightfully sprinkled with readings from the poet's works.

Many other pleasant lectures did we attend, Mr. Seaman giving us one more on "The Ring and the Book," reading us extracts, which was a delight that none of us will ever forget—we not only grasped some of the ideas of the poem, but felt we lived with its characters.

Mr. Baldwin Brown gave some charming descriptions of the old English Church, and we learned how it came to be built in its present existing style, chancel, nave, chantry-chapel and tower,

and were rather astonished to find how ignorant we were on the subject: besides which we saw many charming views of different village churches.

One of the "never-to-be-forgotten" mornings was that on which Canon Edmonds invited us to visit the Chapter-house and showed us the "Exeter Book," on which we had heard a lecture delivered the evening before by Mr. Gollancz, an authority on Saxon writings. A truly wonderful book and a great treasure. Exeter Cathedral may justly be proud of being its guardian and possessor.

Of other lectures, Botany, Geology, Shakespeare, etc., I have no time to tell, but must go on to our "excursions" under the wing of the N. H.-R. U.

The members of the assembly had been invited by several kind Devonshire people to visit them and see their treasures, and arrangements had been made by the Hon. Sec. and Hon. Organising Sec. for our comfort, both in getting to and from the different places, arranging a different route for the return journey where possible, so as to show us as much of the country as they could, being very proud of their county. Lady Elliott-Drake invited us to Nutwell Court to see the Drake relics, and it was with awe that we looked on the very flags which flew over Good Queen Bess when she visited Sir Francis Drake on board his ship. We also saw the jewels given by the queen to her loyal knight and the sword which hung below the painting of the great ancestor. We went to Rousden and visited the observatory after we had clambered about the great Seaton land-slip, where we had the privilege of a geological lecture on the spot. Nothing could have been pleasanter, seated on the red cliffs with the blue sea stretching to the horizon and a wealth of greenery, creepers and shrubs almost touching the water.

There is no space to tell of our trip up the Dart to Totness, if there were I am afraid my words would give a very inadequate description of it. But our visit to the Cathedral I must mention. The Cathedral had a great fascination for us and many were the hours we spent there. One morning a kind guide took us with him and showed us many interesting things often missed by the sightseer, and helped us to examine many beauties of detail in both wood and stone at our leisure. Some of the stone carving is marvellous, lasting as it has done for centuries. We felt as if every chisel mark had been made with a purpose, and that each leaf and moulding was made "to the glory of God." Exeter

Cathedral is very proud of her minstrels' gallery and rood-screen among other things. On the stone panels of the rood-screen are paintings of different biblical scenes, and the effect is very curious.

But, alas! our fortnight was drawing to a close, and one fine summer morning we were whirled northwards, taking with us delightful memories of Devonshire friends and the summer assembly of the N. H.-R. U. of '98.

H. F. DE M.

OUR VISIT TO PARIS.

THE first thing that attracted our eye on nearing the white cliffs and green slopes of Dieppe was a very large advertisement. "Dieppe's New Attraction—Golf Links," and I wondered if this was going to be characteristic of our whole visit to France, if we had really brought Great Britain with us. But when we were safely settled in the railway carriage, and looked out of the windows as the train moved slowly and cautiously along the middle of the street, passing men in blouses and wide trousers made of light blue cotton, and women in large white "bonnets," we felt that we were quite in France. The journey to Paris was hot, dusty and uneventful, and we were not sorry to leave our compartment at the Gare St. Lazare, where we were met by Madame Ch——, who welcomed us most kindly. We got into a cab drawn by two small horses, and seemed to slide along the brilliantly-lit streets, past the Opera, the majestic Louvre, and across the river, just catching sight of the grey towers of Notre Dame, and the slender spire of the Sainte Chapelle. Madame Ch——'s house was in the Latin Quarter, which we soon found out by the resemblance of the people who we used to meet to the pictures in *Tribly*,—a very queer-looking set, most of them. We were delighted to find ourselves close to the Panthéon, the Louvre, Notre Dame and the Palais de Justice. The day after our arrival we found our way to the Louvre, and spent the first of several delightful afternoons with Murillo, Andrea del Sarto, Raphaël, Leonardo da Vinci,

Luini, Titian, Veronese, Carpaccio, etc., who seemed almost like old acquaintances after Mrs. Firth's lectures.

There was a delightful little old museum just opposite Madame's house, the Musée de Cluny, where the beautiful old wood-carving especially gave us great delight. In the hot mornings we sometimes use to go and sit in the shady garden of this Musée, watching the little girls playing on the sandy paths with bucket and shovel, the boys marching about with toy guns and swords, all in deep earnest over their games.

In spite of the great heat, we made some nice expeditions down the Seine to Saint Cloud and Sèvres on these amusing little steam-boats, which seem to move about from pier to pier like bees from flower to flower, and on which one may see such a variety of French life—the workman taking his wife and child out into the country for the day, the old maid with her two or three precious lap-dogs, the proud papa with his pretty young daughters, talking and laughing gaily or playing "pile ou face" for sous.

We visited a good many churches. One of the most interesting that we saw was St. Etienne du Mont, close to the Panthéon; in it is the tomb of St. Geneviève, and also a "jubé," the only one remaining in Paris, dating from 1600; it is a sort of bridge stretching across the aisle, ascended at each end by a beautiful spiral staircase of stone-work, and it was the stage on which the Mystères used to be acted.

We spent a most delightful day in the woods at Meudon on the Fête of the Assumption, and saw Paris of the middle-class out enjoying itself. Whole families plus connections arrived in vans and carts and dined, sitting on the ferns among the trees; after dinner the fun began, in which everyone joined, grandpapa, grand-mamma, uncles, aunts, cousins, babies, dogs, etc.; the chief games were "Puss in the Corner" and "Blind Man's Buff;" in the latter game the great idea seemed to be for the girls to put on the coats and hats of the men; it was played in a rougher way than we are accustomed to, the "Blind Man" being the butt of many tricks, which made the situation anything but an enviable one. During part of our stay the weather was so hot that we could not go out at all during the day-time, but about 8-30 p.m. we used to sally forth, accompanied by Honorine, the "bonne," in her crisp white cap, if we intended to walk, but just by ourselves if we were going for a drive on the top of an omnibus or tram. Paris was very mysterious and exciting at this time of the day; the